

MAY 1958

Maryknoll



INDONESIAN CORPUS CHRISTI

See story on page 63



THE ICE is still on the rivers of Korea and Mr. Kim patiently awaits his catch. For him fishing is no hobby but a means of filling out the meager diet he and his family must subsist on.



Perched on a stone lion outside an ancient palace is papa's pride and joy.

■ HERE in Um Song, Korea, we have a number of little children who have come in on their own and been baptized. They are the only Catholics in their families. And they are really good. Carlos is one of them; he brought in a fourteen-year-old buddy, who looks so much like my nephew Andrew that I dubbed him "Andrew," even though he is still preparing for baptism.

There were some very sad days around here a month ago, when an epidemic of measles hit the area. Because of poor treatment, little children went from measles right into pneumonia; about five a day were dying in our small village.

Carlos and Andrew came to the rectory late one afternoon. Carlos said, "Andrew's little sister, aged three, went to heaven." At least I thought he said that.

MAY, 1958

DEEP FAITH

Korea is an amazing country —
the converts keep piling in.

BY VINCENT J. HOFFMAN, M.M.

I asked them if one of them had baptized the little girl (others in the family aren't Catholics).

"No," they answered.

About two hours later, when Father Coxen and I were eating supper, someone came in to tell me that Carlos and Andrew were still waiting for me. It seems that I had misunderstood them. They had said that the baby sister was "going to heaven." That was their way of saying that the little girl was near death; could I do anything? Although it was dark by then I raced over to the house.

Boy! I've seen sad-looking places in my life, but that was the worst. It was dirty and shabby; the people were in rags. A family of six live in that one-room house.

When I entered, the father was holding his tiny daughter, who was gasping for breath. The mother asked me to cure her baby, but I wasn't going to give a dying child treatment, and then be blamed for its dying. Instead, I covered the little one with blankets and piled the group into the jeep. We headed for the doctor's office. He gave one look at the baby and said that she would probably die that night. He gave her some medicine, and we took her home.

Carlos and Andrew were waiting for me the next morning after Mass. They had We-did-it-Father smiles on their faces.

"Did you baptize the baby?"

"Yes, we named her Mary."

Then they told me that the baby

hadn't died. However, two days later she did pass away. I went to the parents to pay my condolences, and told them about their little Mary being in heaven and very happy. I

suggested that it would be good if they would study the Faith so as to join her some day. They were so pleased that I gave a care about their baby's welfare

that the family is studying the catechism.

A Korean came to the rectory last Sunday morning. He was traveling to Seoul with his daughter, to meet her husband, who is in the Army. The trip is 150 miles, and they were walking the whole way.

While stopping at a stranger's house, the daughter had given birth to a baby. It was born in a stranger's room and the owner took what little the mama had, for rent. The girl asked her father to see the priest in Um Song, who might help.

I had just received some used clothing from the States. A few of the garments went to the father, along with a bit of money to buy food. The father told me he had been a little skeptical when he came, and he was astonished to receive aid from a perfect stranger. Now he wants to study the doctrine.

Korea is an amazing country. Few missionaries use systems, but the converts keep piling in; and baptized Koreans have deep faith. ■ ■

OUR ADDRESS?

It's Easy!

THE MARYKNOLL FATHERS,
MARYKNOLL, N. Y.

Bamboo Wireless

With the completion of the new wing at our Glen Ellyn, Ill., seminary, Maryknoll College now has 299 students in residence. Another midwestern advance is the opening of a new Maryknoll house in Milwaukee. Father JOHN OGURCHOCK is the director . . . In Chung Pyung, Korea, just as the cook was ringing the morning Angelus, his wife gave birth to a baby boy. The pastor, Father MICHAEL ZUNNO fittingly baptized the infant, Angelo, thus commemorating the occasion and his own Italian ancestry.

* * *

Eleven doctors volunteer to staff without fee the social service center for the poor in Maryknoll's new parish in Arequipa, Peru . . . Index of prices in San Jose, Bolivia, shows that a haircut costs 36¢, a box of cornflakes \$1.10. At least hungry missionaries can look nice.

* * *

When Father THOMAS MELVILLE tried to start his motorcycle in Huehuetenango, Guatemala, it wouldn't start. He gave it several healthy primes of gas and then a strong kick on the starter. Suddenly there was a series of explosions. Thinking the machine was about to explode, Father fled. Then to his chagrin, Father learned that the explosions were caused when Father WILLIAM HOMROCKY had dropped a string of firecrackers behind the bike . . . From Japan our spies report that the unofficial chaplain of Sophia University's swimming team is Father HERT GRAMELSPACHER.

* * *

Nicknames of men in Riberalta, Bolivia, are original if not always complimentary. Here are a few reported to us: Wheezy Duck, Clown, Fried Bananas, Ragfoot, Big Dinner, Crazybird, Sourbear, Night Owl, Joe Frog. Two unusual real names: Doctor Ten Cows and Jose Hardbread.

* * *

Discriminating bookworms in Che Chon, Korea, passed up all of Father J. RYAN HEISSE's textbooks but ate his fiction. Easier to digest . . . In Riberalta, Bolivia, white ants devoured Bishop THOMAS DANEHY's Mass kit. Not satisfied, they chewed through a wall in the Bishop's room and started in on a picture of the Bishop and the Holy Father. By the time they were caught, they had eaten the Bishop but had left the Holy Father intact . . . In 1953, the Archdiocese of Taipei, Formosa, had 4,311 Catholics. In 1957, the number was 38,327. A good indication of growth.

no mosquitoes



HERE'S A MARYKNOLL BROTHER WITH AN UNUSUAL HOBBY

MARYKNOLL

this year . . . maybe!

■ EVERYBODY has been pestered by irritating, buzzing mosquitoes — pests evident all summer. But did you notice a shortage of the annoying little critters last summer? Yes? Well, some of the credit belongs to a short, ruddy-faced Brother at Maryknoll Seminary.

He is Brother Leon Cook, who has the unique — and rewarding — hobby of collecting the tiny insects and shipping them off to pharmaceutical companies throughout the country for the amazing price of two cents apiece.

A former expert hunter, taxidermist and farmer from rural Michigan, who has devoted his entire life to the service of God, Brother Leon is busily engaged in the worthwhile hobby of collecting bugs and insects needed by hospitals and clinics for research in the prevention and cure of many dangerous diseases.

Although the mosquitoes are his favorite, Brother collects and raises centipedes, Japanese beetles, book lice, and other assorted insects. These bugs are also in great demand for medical research by drug companies and universities.

As you and I have been taking frustrating swipes at the critters, Brother Leon has been busily scooping them out of ponds and creeks, and putting them in alcohol to

preserve them for leisurely study.

Born on a large farm in Michigan, the unassuming Brother took up outdoor life quite naturally. At an early age, he was hunting and trapping with both gun and bow-and-arrow. After mastering the art of taxidermy, he graduated "down" into the insect field and found immense interest in entomology (the study of insects). He was amazed to learn that among the 80,000 species of insects in the United States, only 6,000 are economically injurious; yet the annual damage to crops alone is estimated in billions of dollars.

Brother Leon now devotes all his spare time to the study of entomology. This he does as a sidelight to his main job of managing the Maryknoll Seminary farm, where he supervises the care of the animals and the planting and raising of various crops that result in saving the Maryknoll Society thousands of dollars a year.

On his time off, Brother Leon can be found, armed with a suction pipette and a paintbrush (he was quick to explain that the brush should be made of camel hair) at a nearby creek, scooping up mosquito larvae from the top of the water. These treasures he preserves in a large tank at home.

He reminds his friends that it is the female mosquito that does the stinging, as the male does not have

BY DAN O'CALLAHAN



An expert bowman, Brother is known as "marksman" who never fails to come home with a catch whether it be fish, game, or a few bugs.

the needlelike organ that punctures the skin for sucking the blood. He also notes that mosquitoes are the only instruments in the dissemination of certain diseases, such as malaria and yellow fever.

Excepting the microscope, which he picked up in a pawnshop in New York for a dollar and a half, all the tools Brother uses in this worthwhile hobby are handmade.

Brother Leon never worries about an off-season for mosquitoes, for his work with lice brings much more money, but they are also more difficult to collect. Of course, the other Brothers let him know how they feel by being conspicuously absent when he begins work.

For the termite egg-laying Queen louse, he gets as high as ten cents apiece. The price, he tells us, is much lower for the soldiers, nymphs and reproductive nymphs. One summer he amassed without too much difficulty over 8,000 Japanese beetles, for which he received from one half to three cents apiece. He sells only in large orders and mostly to wholesale houses, although the return is higher from retailers.

A recent "wanted" list from a large New York pharmaceutical company contained such familiar names (to entomologists, that is) that it should stir many an ambitious adventurer to enter this profitable field, knowing that he is also aiding the progress of science and medicine. Besides, there's no geiger counter needed.

Despite the ribbing and joking of his fellow Brothers, the rugged Michigander is happily engaged in this very unusual, worthwhile work.

A combat veteran of World War II, he was a corporal in an antitank platoon of the 43rd Division, which took him through forty-five months of Army duty. He spent three years with his division in the South Pacific area.

It is because of obscure, unsung people like Brother Leon, that innumerable hospitals, clinics and research foundations are able to carry on their great work of discovering and curing many of the dangerous diseases caused by many members of the insect world.

And remember, when summer rolls around and you notice a lack of those irritating little critters, you know whom to thank. ■ ■

"Chock full of steaks" is how Brother looks on his prize Black Angus steers.





Hou Lung's a Busy Place

**When there's no end of work,
Formosan life is never dull.**

BY FRANCIS G. MURPHY, M.M.

■ THIS YEAR'S civic project on Formosa, according to our newspapers, is the extermination of 40,000,000 rats. Since there are 100,000,000 rats on the island, or ten for every human being, we shall have a few left even if the project succeeds.

Our share of the rat population resides in our attic, which is connected with all other attics in the block. The rats run from one to the other, and it seems a hopeless task to try to get rid of them. I wouldn't mind their living in the same house

with me, if only they were quieter. At night they make a great amount of noise running back and forth over the thin, wooden ceiling. They sound more like dogs than rats.

When I drive my motorbike on the country roads at night, I see many rats. I'm no help to the government's extermination program, though. Some years ago, my father worked in the Pennsylvania coal mines. One day, as he sat on a bench eating lunch, a rat came and stole a sandwich from his dinner pail. My father chased the thief. They had not gone far before there was a cave-in, and the bench on which my father had been sitting was smashed to bits! The Taiwanese rats that I avoid running over may thank their American cousin for longer life.

Some of our Maryknoll priests are

not so kindly disposed. We look for ways and means to contact the people. One Father is effectively aiding the rat-extermination program. He supplied a village with poison, and the next morning over 350 rats were found dead. Now the people of many other villages are coming to him and asking for poison.

It's not easy to fool rats, though. For example, the local brand of cigarettes cannot compare with American makes. Not long ago a sailor presented me with a carton of American cigarettes. That night the rats had a feast, as they tore into five new packs. They did not touch the local cigarettes. When I commented on this, one of the Fathers said, "Do you blame them?"

CHINESE LIKE noises, especially the kinds made by firecrackers and bands. The success of an event — marriage, funeral, holiday — is judged by the amount of noise that accompanies it. At the Hou Lung mission, we seldom shoot off firecrackers, and we haven't any band. Judged by the amount of noise, however, the mission is a howling success.

We live in a rented house. The rooms are not large. The room in which visitors are received is six steps long and six steps wide. It has a radio loaned by one of the Fathers, an organ donated by a friend, and a recorder. Most of the time all three are going at once. The din is terrific.

What amazes me is that people trying to hear the radio never tell the tape-recorder listeners or the would-be organists to quiet down.

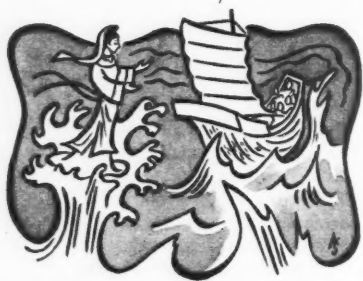
The same is true for tape-recorder listeners and organists. The spirit of "live and let live" prevails at all times.

People walking by the mission often drop in to see what the noise is all about. The surprising thing is that they usually come back for more. It is safe to say there is hardly a man, woman, or child living in the vicinity who has not at one time or other come into the mission.

At the close of the month, Hou Lung had its first baptisms. Seventeen persons received the sacrament, including a doctor, a schoolteacher, the wife and three children of another schoolteacher, a photographer, and some business people. We immediately started a new group, composed of another schoolteacher, more business people, and government employees. A strong foundation built on people like these will support the establishment of Catholicity in Hou Lung.

WE HAVE received a letter from a village head and his assistant. Though pagans themselves, they say that the people of their village spend too much money on superstitious practices. They asked us to





go there to preach and to encourage the people to join the Church.

We invited the village head and his assistant to dinner, and talked over the matter. Soon we will try to start a catechumenate in the village. The task will not be easy, for the people have strong devotion to Matsu.

Matsu is the name of a legendary girl who lived on the seacoast of China many hundreds of years ago. One day her brothers, who were fishermen, ran into a great storm near Formosa. They surely would have drowned, had not Matsu gone to them across the waves and calmed the storm. This and many other remarkable things are attributed to her.

After her death, Matsu was proclaimed a goddess. Great is the devotion of the people, especially fishermen, to her. Rare is the house in these parts that does not have her picture.

In the village to which we have been invited stands one of the hundreds of temples erected in Matsu's honor. Fishermen would not think of going to sea without first visiting the temple and burning incense. Immediately upon their return, they

go to the temple and burn more incense to thank Matsu for a safe trip.

If these fishing people would believe in God and honor His mother as they honor Matsu, they would be considered excellent Catholics. God grant that the letter from the village head and his assistant be the first chink in the armor of superstition that surrounds Matsu.

A COMMON greeting in these parts is, "Did you eat yet?" During the past month, however, "Have you had the flu yet?" became more common.

Influenza arrived in Taiwan at the beginning of the month. It is still with us. Doctors and druggists are doing a wonderful business. Many of the drug stores have run out of the particular medicine used in the treatment of influenza. Every day, from morning until night, a line of sick people wait for treatment at doctors' offices.

One Catholic druggist, finding business brisk, did not want to come down with the flu. (Who does?) As a precaution, he began taking wine at all meals. His wife and five children caught the flu, but he escaped.

Many other people are taking wine as a precaution, and it seems to work. The newspapers say that foreigners are immune. This may be true, since the Fathers have avoided the flu without recourse to the druggist's method.

Speaking of wine, Mr. Chang, a part-time catechist, was leaving us to take a full-time job in another mission. Some converts whom he had instructed held a banquet in his honor. As at all Chinese banquets, the wine flowed freely. No

one became intoxicated; but in the course of the meal, quite a bit of wine was consumed.

Next day a full-time catechist had a rash on both arms and legs. The remedy — some hair of the dog that bit him — worked fine. He rubbed some wine on the rash, and it soon disappeared.

Another man finds that wine is good for a toothache. Now and then he is bothered by a cavity. He merely rinses his mouth with wine, and the pain stops like magic.

Speaking of sickness, there is a hospital in town proudly called "Everlasting Peace Hospital." If one does find everlasting peace there, it will be because one's time has come.

NEXT DOOR to our mission is a bicycle-repair shop. My motorbike has a motor that was made in Germany; front fork, headlight, and



wheels made in Japan; frame, mudguards and tank made in Taiwan. It seems to be always losing a bolt here or there. The bicycle shop does the replacing, but seldom will the owners accept money.

I always ask, "How much?" Nine

times out of ten, they reply, "Nothing." The last time I put the question, they answered: "Stop asking us how much! When we think the job is big enough, we will charge you."

The bicycle men are not our only benefactors. Many business people in town — the druggist, electrician and watch repair man, to name only a few — have done many favors for us. I am sure that they all will be well repaid, in some form some day.

DURING THE MONTH we distributed Catholic Relief flour and powdered milk to 650 families. In the Hou Lung district, there are 1,830 families who do not have to pay taxes. We consider anyone poor who does not have to pay taxes. Those who did not receive relief supplies this month will get some next month, or the month after.

Whether or not the distribution of relief supplies helps our work is a question often argued by us. I have heard many people, who do not receive relief, praise the Church for this charitable work. On the other hand, some of those helped rarely say, "Thank you." Not one of the 1,830 families receiving aid has asked for instructions.

When we opened the Hou Lung mission nine months ago, a good number of people came to study with the idea that they would receive relief supplies. Finding that this was not the case, many stopped coming. We hope that the example of those who persevered and were baptized, as well as those now studying, will lead hundreds and hundreds of others into the Church. ■ ■



St. Francis Xavier, patron of missions

LIFE WITHOUT LIMITS

**Try to discover what
God destined you for.**

BY ROBERT DAVIS

■ WITH a dull thud, the old Oriental bell rang across the quadrangle at Maryknoll-on-the-Hudson.

The strains of the traditional Departure Hymn rent the air as the milling crowd of guests settled into their places. From thirty-eight cities across these United States, zealous young men gathered before their Superior General — nervously awaiting their assignments to the four corners of the globe. Mothers and fathers, friends, relatives, visitors — all strained forward with glistening eyes as the young missionaries advanced, one by one, to pledge their obedience and to receive their shares of the command

to “preach the Gospel to every creature.”

No one can witness such a ceremony without being deeply struck, without asking himself: “What is the spark of this consuming fire of self-sacrifice? What is it that makes the missionary?”

Perhaps the answer may be found in a little incident that took place nearly two thousand years ago. On the sandy shores of the Sea of Galilee several young men were chatting easily as they sat mending their fishing nets. One of them — Simon by name — looked up in surprise to see the much-discussed prophet of Nazareth, Jesus, coming near

them. The young prophet stopped and said to them, "Follow Me." "And immediately . . ." What a wealth of meaning in that one word. It is that, I feel, that truly makes the missionary; that allness; giving without limit.

"Sell all that thou hast, and give it to the poor . . . and come, follow Me." That's what Christ told a young vocational prospect. Why did He praise the poor widow who put the two mites in the temple treasury? "She out of her want has put in all that she had to live on." "If anyone wishes to come after Me, let him deny himself, and take up his cross daily, and follow Me."

Another prospective missionary said to Jesus, "I will follow thee, Lord, but let me first bid farewell to those at home." "No one, having put his hand to the plow and looking back, is fit for the kingdom of God," came the reply.

"The zeal for Thy house has eaten me up" — this His disciples saw in Him when His public ministry had barely begun. Was there any compromise in the "allness" that led Jesus to shed every last drop of blood for *all* men? From then on, this "allness" has formed the backbone of every great missionary.

Look at St. Paul: "I became all things to all men, that I might save all. I do all things for the sake of the Gospel, that I may be made partaker thereof." "Whether you eat or drink, or do anything else," he told his flock, "do *all* for the glory of God."

The early Church abounded in martyrs — men and women who knew only how to give all. It was

the soil reddened and soaked with their blood that nourished the budding Christianity and gave it growth.

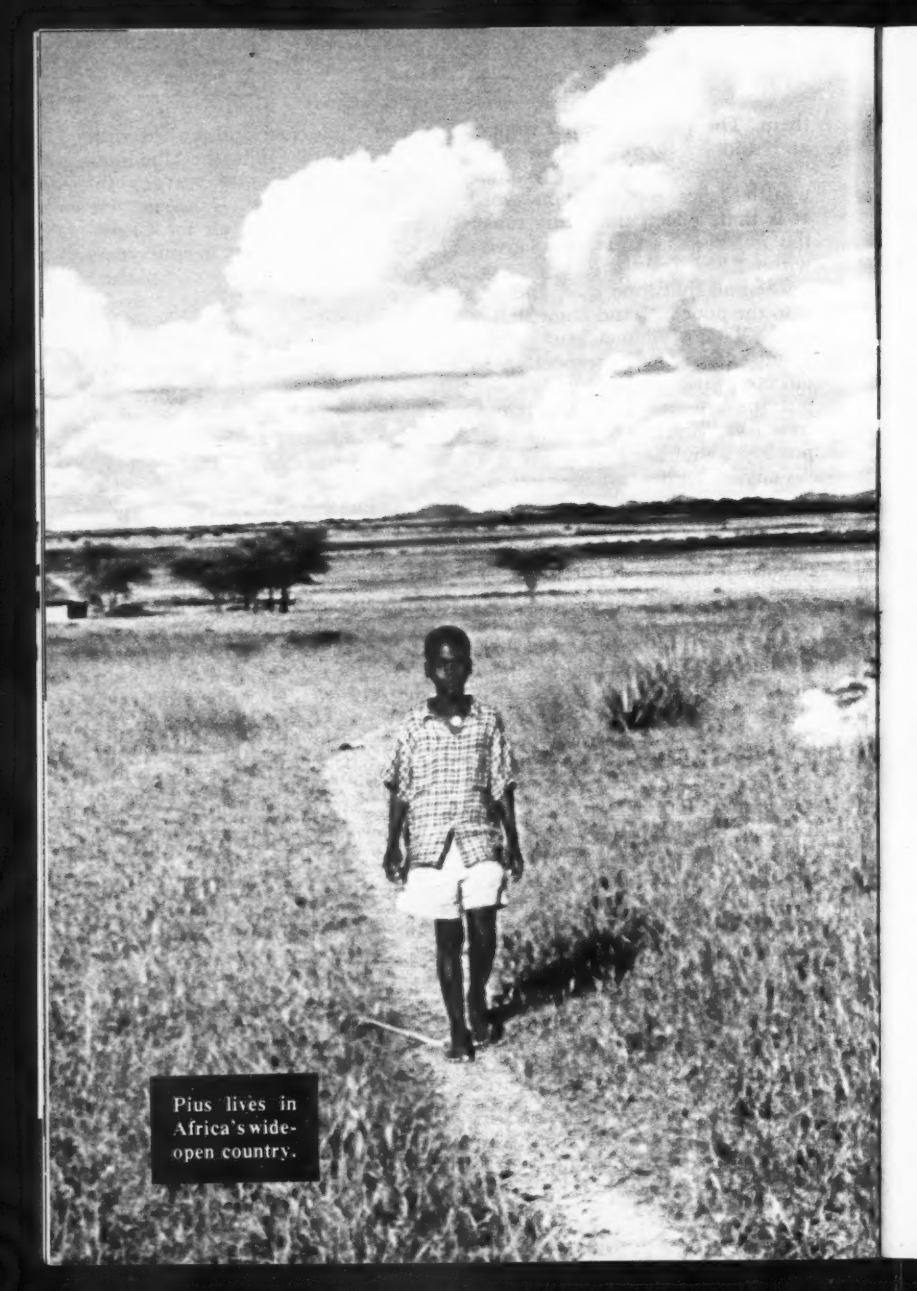
Look at St. Francis Xavier. He gave up all to win all for Christ. He burnt himself out in nine years on the missions, but accomplished more than most men could do in ten lifetimes.

Look at Father Constant Lievens, the nineteenth-century Xavier. He too burnt himself out in nine short years in India, but he converted close to a hundred thousand souls. "Prudence is the mother of idleness," was his favorite maxim. He didn't know the meaning of holding back — it was all or nothing.

Look at Bishop Francis Xavier Ford, who died in a Communist prison in China six years ago. "To daydream about martyrdom is not enough," he wrote. "We have to gain the grace of so inestimable a privilege; we have to be worthy of it. We must be wholly laved in the Blood of Christ; our garments must be red." The "allness" of this saintly bishop, who was a member of the first departure band of the newly formed Maryknoll back in 1918, is summed up in his prayer:

"Grant us, Lord, to be the doorstep by which the multitudes may come to worship Thee, that if in the saving of their souls we are ground underfoot and spat upon and worn out, at least we shall have served Thee in some small way; we shall have become the King's highway in pathless China."

And so I say that coursing through the veins of every real missionary there is this one common element, "allness." ■ ■

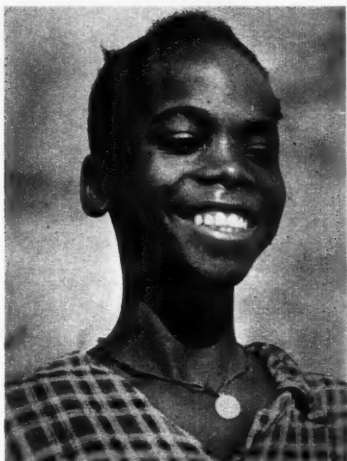
A black and white photograph of a young boy standing in a vast, open field. The boy is in the center of the frame, wearing a short-sleeved, button-down shirt with a plaid or checkered pattern and light-colored shorts. He is looking directly at the camera. The field is filled with tall, dry grass or low-lying shrubs. In the background, there are scattered trees and a distant horizon line under a sky filled with large, puffy clouds. The overall scene conveys a sense of openness and rural life.

Pius lives in
Africa's wide-
open country.

TEENAGERS AROUND THE WORLD

PHOTOS AND BACKGROUND

BY CYRIL VELLICIG, M.M.



The Boy Who Likes Clouds

■ COMPARED to American youngsters, twelve-year-old Pius Kajoba of Busubi (The Place of the Leopard), Tanganyika, has a hard and poor life. He has no money, few clothes, scarcely any possessions. He has seen a movie once in his lifetime. His home has no electricity, no running water, no sanitary facilities. His family, which consists of the parents and ten children, must support itself on his father's earnings of about \$125 a year.

Yet despite his material needs, Pius is a happy, well-adjusted teenager. He is even-tempered, polite, quick to laugh. His ready wit makes him popular among his companions. He has the reputation of being a good punster, an art among the

Basukuma tribe to which he belongs. He has two pet peeves — snakes and having his hair mussed.

Pius's father, Simoni, is a catechist for the Maryknoll mission, and for this part-time service receives \$26 a year. He is also a farmer, raising rice as a cash crop (income about \$100 a year), and other vegetables and grains for his family's use. Simoni owns about seventy acres — an exceptionally large farm for the area.

When Pius is not at school in Shinyanga, he lives with the rest of his family in a small mud house that has a thatch roof and dirt floor. The house is divided into four rooms — a bedroom for the boys, a bedroom for the girls, another



Pius is popular among his friends. He has a quick wit and is good at punning.



Father Alan Smidlein is Pius's pastor. He often visits the boy's family.



Africans make their own recreation. A chicken can amuse Pius.

Pius is in the fifth grade at the Maryknoll school. He would like to learn to be a meteorologist.



larger bedroom for his parents, and a living room. While the number of rooms may give the impression of bigness, the house measures only fifteen by thirty feet. Furniture is scarce: a few chests to hold clothing; a small, low table; four folding chairs; and a few rope beds.

African meals are simple. For breakfast, Pius has tea and porridge. The noon meal consists of millet and a vegetable sauce. In the evening he has potatoes and beans. Occasionally there is a bit of meat or such a delicacy as grasshoppers fried in oil.

Because he is still young, he is not expected to work all day. He likes to play soccer and to hunt birds with a slingshot with his friends, Mondii and Nkwaji. Affection is largely lacking in African family life. When Pius returns home from school in Shinyanga, he is greeted casually as if he had not gone away. As a result friendships are highly valued and a friend is called "a brother."

Pius's chores at home are typical of those of most farm boys. He is expected to help his father cultivate the fields. He milks the cows, grazes the cattle, and chases birds from the grain fields. In the evening he helps make the outdoor fire around which the old men will sit and talk.

Pius is in the fifth grade at the Maryknoll school in Shinyanga. He lives in a dormitory during the school year and must do his own laundry, cooking and water hauling. He studies English, general science, mathematics, history, carpentry, agriculture, health, and religion.

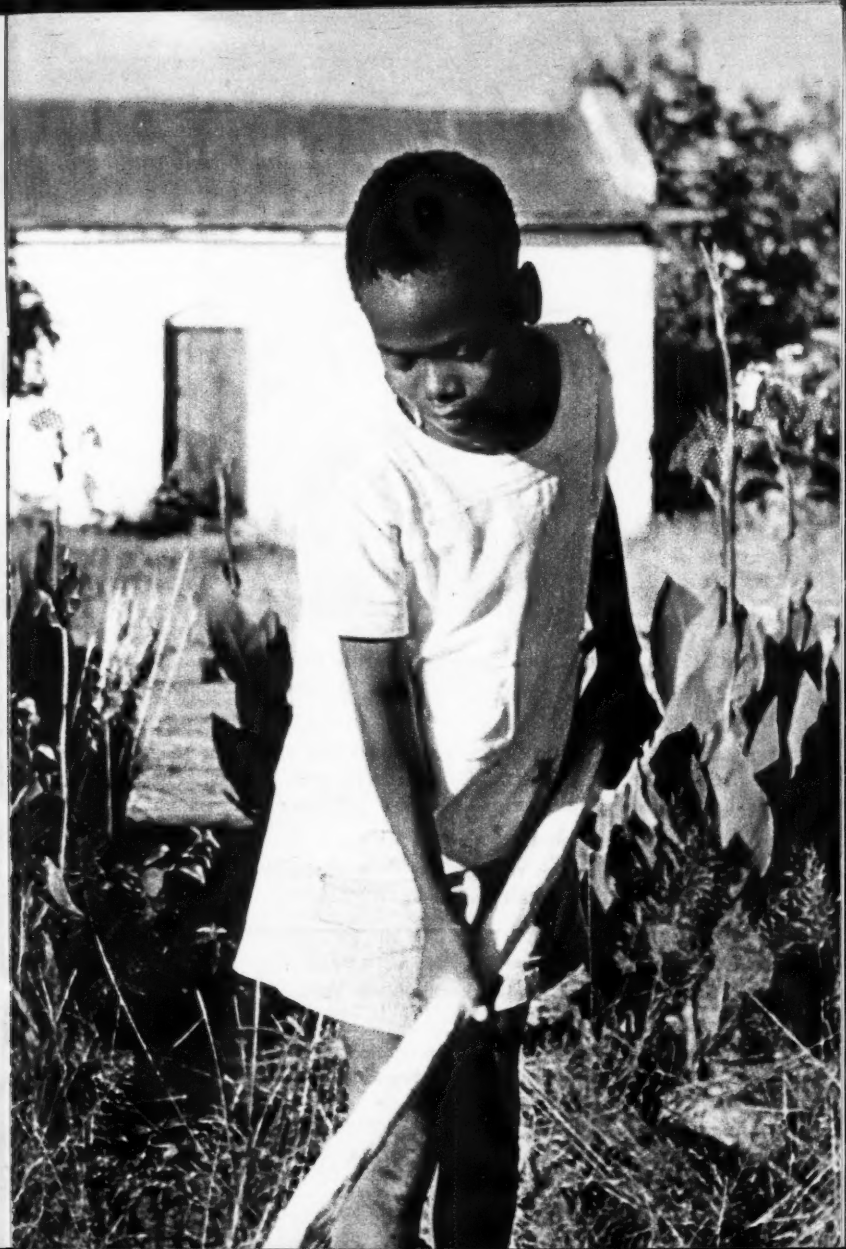
Pius is able to speak his tribal language (Kisukuma), and the general language of East Africa (Kiswahili). He is now learning English.

Pius goes to Mass and Communion every day before school. Because his father is a catechist, Pius lives in the school dormitory instead of boarding with a pagan family in town. At school he is under Catholic influences all the time. At home in Busubi, he must be more alert. There he lives in a more pagan atmosphere. His friends are not Christian and he is not allowed to attend the pagan dances because they are forbidden to Catholics as occasions of sin.

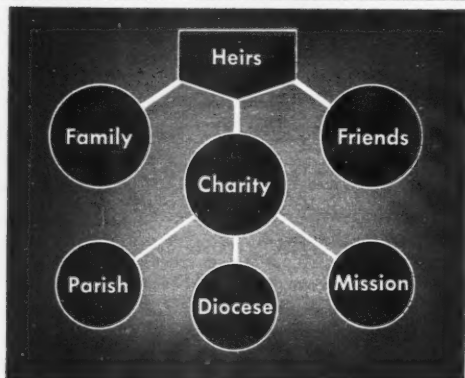
Simoni would like to see his son become a priest. So far Pius has not received the grace of a vocation. When asked what he would like to be, he was hesitant to talk about his ambitions. However, when pressed for an answer, he shyly said, "I would like to study how clouds are formed and what causes weather and climate."

Whether Pius will ever achieve his ambition and become a meteorologist is doubtful. He will be fortunate to finish high school. If he is like most high-school graduates, he will probably end as a government worker or teacher.

However, happy-go-lucky Pius does not worry about the future. It is uncertain, and therefore he is philosophical about it. His only problems are getting up in the morning for church and how to keep the Fathers from mussing his hair. Never having known material comforts or luxuries of life, he does not miss them. ■ ■



WHY NOT MAKE A CATHOLIC WILL?



When St. Francis de Sales composed a rule for devout persons living in the world, he laid down as one of the first duties the early drawing of a will.

A little thought convinces you that there are abundant reasons why the prompt and careful making of your will, with the assistance of your lawyer, is a wise measure of Christian prudence and, in many cases, a duty.

In this are involved your reasonable obligations to your God, yourself, your dependents, and your Faith.

Write for free booklet

MARYKNOLL FATHERS, Maryknoll, New York

Dear Father:

Please send me without obligation your free booklet,
What Only You Can Do.

My Name.....

My Address.....

City.....Zone.....State.....

■ I NEVER knew there could be such a difference between black and white. Now really, this article has nothing to do with segregation.

Hanging in the church hall of Santa Ana, in Malacatancito, Guatemala, are maps of the fourteen villages belonging to the parish. On these maps are drawn all the houses of each village, ranging anywhere from thirty to sixty homes. Below each house, I put the name of the family living there.

Then one day — in an offhand way — I told Feliciano, my head catechist, a religion teacher, to color the houses of non-Catholics black and to leave all the houses of the Catholics white, so that I could see at a glance the Catholic population of each village. As new families began to study the doctrine and to permit the recitation of the Rosary in their homes, we would put a red circle around the house, with the name of the religion teacher who was instrumental in the conversion. Finally a gold star would be placed on the home when the members of the family became practicing Catholics; that is, going to Mass and receiving the sacraments.

On the other hand if any Catholic family failed to practice their religion for a considerable length of time, their home would be colored black. The people took a lively interest in these maps, and eagerly looked forward to seeing them every Sunday after Mass.

In the parish of Santa Ana are four full-time religion teachers, who have some forty part-time helpers. One of these assistant catechists was informed by Feliciano that his

BLACK

AND

WHITE

BY JOSEPH E. EARLY, M.M.

house was to be colored black. Feliciano told him that it was because his mother and father were not married.

"Yes, I know," said the assistant, "but I'm a practicing Catholic, and my mother comes to church."

"It makes no difference," said Feliciano. "You've had plenty of time to persuade your parents to get married, and there's no excuse."

The twenty-four-year-old assistant actually began to cry. "What will the people say when they see my house colored black?" he sobbed.

Touched no doubt by the tears of his assistant, Feliciano told him he'd give him just one more week to get his parents to see the priest about their marriage. Well, sure enough, the threat of having their house colored black was sufficient inducement to get the couple married. Since then they have been coming regularly to confession and Holy Communion.

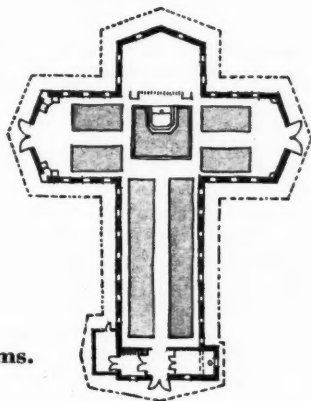
Black and white certainly can make a difference. ■ ■



"Father Blanding" Builds His Dream Church

Ingenuity solves construction problems.

BY RICHARD McMONIGAL, M.M.



■ "LET'S build a new church," I gasped to Father Gorden N. Fritz, of Newport, Minnesota, when I came in after the evening Mass one Sunday in the little chapel of San Jose in Riberalta, Bolivia. Soaked with sweat, I collapsed in the hammock.

My pastor began mumbling to himself. He had built a church a few years ago at the Indian reservation of Cavinass, five days up the river from Riberalta. More recently he had finished a new convent at Riberalta, and a new bishop's house.

He knew the problem of getting money when the average annual income of the people is about \$100. He knew all the difficulties of building when one lives three hours by air from the nearest large city. In between are solid jungles, and everything must be flown in. Since building has to be done in the few months of the dry season, during this time there is a mad scramble for the little building material available.

"That little wooden chapel is impossible," I went on before Father Fritz started bringing up all the practical objections. "It seats only 120. We have 350 children in the school. After the sun beats down on that tin roof all day, it is like an exposed telephone booth when we go over for the evening Mass. I don't know how the people stand the heat."

I could see that I had aroused his interest, and that the problem would be a challenge. After twelve years of working in the jungles of Bolivia, Father Fritz was not one to run away from a challenge. We exchanged preliminary ideas on what we wanted in a church, as we swung slowly back and forth in our hammocks. And the matter was

Father Fritz (left) hands trowel to mason working on Father McMonigal's "dream" church. The author died last year, while in the U.S. on sick leave.

dropped for the more pressing business of running a parish.

Then fate intervened. In 1953 I fell ill and had to enter the excellent little hospital run by the Maryknoll Sisters in Riberalta. Finally it was decided to send me to Lima, some two days away by air, where I entered a big clinic. When I did not recover after undergoing all the fiendish tests that medical science can devise, the doctors, over my violent protests, decided to send me back to the States.

Once again I was dumped on a plane and came winging back to the United States. For the first time in my life I did not care whether the plane arrived or not. But I felt guilty about the other passengers, and had to ask God not to take me too seriously. Then came a couple of weeks in a big Midwestern hospital. More tests and more tortures. Finally they decided I had infectious hepatitis.

I was allowed to go home, where a summer spent on the Mississippi River, and my mother's cooking, got me back on my feet. After three months of recuperation I was ready to head back to Bolivia, but my superiors wanted me to stay a little while longer in the States.

This enforced stay gave me a chance to discuss plans for the new San Jose church with my brother-in-law, James H. Speckmann, and with an engineer, Mr. Robert Johnson, of a firm of architectural designers in Saint Paul, Minnesota. They had very generously agreed to do all the plans; but since they were struggling with a growing architectural firm, our talks had to be con-

finied to after-office hours. Night after night we sat in their warm office and merged our ideas.

They had never designed a church before. I felt that was an asset rather than a liability, since they had no preconceived idea of what a church "must" look like. Father Fritz and I were determined that we would build a contemporary church suitable for the tropics and in keeping with the environment.

New worlds began to open up for the architects and for me. I had to learn about trusses, purlins, plates, stresses, etc. They had to learn that everything came to us in Riberalta by air, often with a year's delay.

We had no structural steel. Cement cost \$5 a bag. We had no derricks or machines for heavy lifting. Our building material would be adobe bricks. We had no one who could read blueprints. We would have to do all the supervising ourselves. We had a certain number of skilled workmen, but skilled only in the material with which they were familiar.

Father Fritz and I had started with the basic idea that the altar was the focal point of the church and everything else had to be subordinate to that principle. Because we try to have every Mass either recited or sung, we prefer to have the people, even though few in number, concentrated in one part of the church. We were also limited by the site, since there were already a school and a priests' house in existence.

Considering all these factors, we decided on a cruciform shape. This would enable us to locate the altar

at the central point and build the church around it. We could then close off the wings of the church when there was not a large crowd.

Because of the lack of machinery, the architects decided to keep the walls low. We decided on a height of eight and a half feet. To get height, air and spaciousness, we decided on a scissors-type truss for the roof. This we could fabricate on the ground and lift into place, we hoped.

Since Riberalta has only two seasons, hot and dry and hot and wet, ventilation was of prime importance. We decided on twenty-five windows, located a foot and a half above the floor so that air could enter down where the people are. The best window for our purpose turned out to be a jalousie model from New York. The two side bars of aluminum came separately and would be easy and light to ship by air. Glass we could buy in Bolivia.

To keep the church cool, it was decided to have a constant, natural flow of air through the building. To achieve this, we planned two roofs over the sanctuary. The top roof was raised three feet, leaving an air outlet.

Since Mass often is said at an early hour when there is little light, we wanted as much light as possible over the altar. Gasoline costs a dollar a gallon, and we could not afford to run our little generator more than necessary. To let in light and yet keep out the heat, the upper roof of the sanctuary was to be made of corrugated structoglass in opal white.

(Everything turned out as we

hoped. Too well, in fact. Now there is such a natural flow of air through the church and passing out through the sanctuary roof that it is difficult to keep the candles lit.)

Father Fritz and I had decided that, after the altar, the baptistry would get the most important place in the church, because of the importance of the first sacrament as the entrance to the life of grace, and because of the regard our people have for it. That meant locating the baptistry near the main entrance of the church. We put it in the base of the tower, separate from the body of the church yet a part of it.

The sacristies were located to the left of the main entrance, with doors wide enough so that we could have a proper procession without the altar boys looking as though they were being squeezed out of a tube of toothpaste. The doors were high enough so that our rather tall bishop could go out with mitre and crozier without looking like a turtle.

We located the confessionals in the angles of the wings. The priest can enter either from the church or directly from the outside, and sit with his back to the body of the church. The outside door is a Dutch one, so that he can have plenty of light and air. If we ever get a priest who is a refugee from a professional basketball team, he can open the lower door and have plenty of leg room.

Each penitent's compartment has a window for light and air. On Saturday afternoons, our people straggle in for confessions. While he is waiting, the priest can step outside to walk up and down, reading his



Carpenters donated lumber and labor for altar.

Breviary, taking advantage of whatever cool air there is. When a penitent comes, the priest can step into the confessional and the penitent preserves his anonymity.

After I had explained all our ideas, Jim and Bob began to pepper me with questions. What is the size of the adobe blocks? What stress will they take? Do you have strong winds? What will the roofing material be? What is the wood like? You are going to use all Spanish red cedar for the trusses? (We were, since it is the cheapest and most common wood in Bolivia.) When I did not know the answers, I had to fire a letter off to Father Fritz and wait for it to fly over the Andes and back with the answer.

Finally the preliminary sketches were drawn. We were delighted. Jim had done just what we wanted. The church was contemporary in

design, yet had a wide overhang that would protect the walls from torrential rain, shade the windows and make the building fit in with others around it.

By then, the rainy season had ended and Father Fritz was getting frantic. He had to begin the excavations while the ground was still soft, before it baked into a hard shell.

Finally I got the welcome word that I could return to Bolivia. I took the first boat heading south. When I

arrived with the initial plans clutched in my hand, I found the foundations already in. The only difficulty was, they had shrunk twenty per cent in size!

After Father Fritz began the foundations, he discovered that the limitations of the site were greater than I had realized. To follow the plans would mean that the choir would have been right in the middle of the third grade, and our very precious school well in the middle of the sanctuary!

So we called time while we wrote back to the architects, and they redesigned the church in keeping with the foundations.

There were continual delays. Materials that were promised were not delivered. Logs that had to be felled 300 miles upriver were late in arriving at the sawmill. Because of bad weather, plane service was

greatly reduced and no cargo arrived. However, a Landcrete machine that makes bricks out of damp earth and cement did arrive, and we put it to work.

While at home I had bought the bolts, nuts, and split rings for the trusses. These had come down with me on the boat, along with the aluminum window frames. They had been taken off in Callao, Peru, and flown across the Andes to Maldonado, Peru, which is on the Bolivian border and accessible from Riberalta by means of the Madre de Dios River. Because I had returned to Riberalta in the dry season, few boats were making the 800-mile trip up to Maldonado.

Finally, at the beginning of the next rainy season, a boat was going up, and we gave the captain the customs papers for the hardware and windows. On the way upriver, the boat capsized in one of the dangerous rapids. It did not return to Riberalta for three months — and then only to tell us that our papers had been lost in the river. We began the long process of getting new papers.

A year passed and we were getting desperate, so I made a rush trip upriver in one of our bigger boats. After the usual delays of getting through customs, I brought everything down to Riberalta. When we opened the boxes, we found that seventy-five big bolts and nuts for prefabricating the trusses were missing. The nearest ones were 5,000 miles away. We finally sent to the only foundry in Bolivia and had new ones made.

Then someone had stolen a box

of aluminum screws for installing the windows, and we had to find new ones. The special bit for cutting the holes for the split rings was inexplicably lost in New York City, and work had to be held up until we could get another one flown in.

We began laying the heavy trusses out on the ground. Brother Dismas Harness, ex-roofer and mechanic from Houston, Texas, helped us set up the jig for the first truss. When we began to try to fit the twenty-three pieces of heavy lumber together, we decided that the architects and engineer were crazy and it just couldn't be done. But, when finally two pieces did go together and the rest were relatively easy, we found they knew what they were doing.

We spent hours and hours poring over the blueprints. Every time we reached a new piece of construction, we ran into some problem that we did not understand. Many times it was a simple thing that would have been evident to any good contractor, but it was just a puzzle to us. Then we had to send a letter off to Saint Paul trying to explain the problem. Back would come an answer, explaining in words of one syllable what must be done.

Little by little, the church took shape. We had many visitors and we always had to take time off, to explain why we were building the church in that form and why the trusses were so big and heavy, and to listen to the Jeremiahs saying, "You will never be able to lift them up in place and if you do, the walls will fall down."

We divided the parish work so

that one of us should be on the construction site all the time. Father Fritz supervised most of the work. And while he was away on a week of well-earned vacation, we had our first serious setback.

I was just settling down, after two Masses in the chapel, to some cold water and some hot coffee. One of the orphans came in laughing, and said, "A wall in the new church is split wide open."

"Look," I said, "stop making jokes. I am in no mood for them this morning."

But when he insisted, I left my breakfast and went out to look. Sure enough, a wall had split wide open, throwing a connecting wall out of plumb. We could see a hole where the earth had cracked.

When we excavated, we found a big ants' nest about eight feet deep under the foundation. A recent rain had broken through the hard crust, and the whole wall had dropped down. We filled up the hole with broken bricks and cement, put in a new foundation, and rebuilt the wall.

A river trip of two months took me away from the construction at a critical point. It was a real thrill to come back down-river, round a bend, and see the new roof shining in the sun. During my absence Father Fritz had managed to lift all the heavy trusses into place, and had put on the roof and most of the tile. I told him I should go away

more often for a couple of months.

Then the river came up and flooded the tile ovens in the brick yard. We knew there would be no more tile for six months — until the dry season — so we covered part of the roof by aluminum.

The carpenter's union offered to make the altar. Father Fritz had found a log of *palo maria*, a very hard wood that finishes

out more beautifully than mahogany. The wood is so hard that, after every few strokes of their planes, the carpenters had to sharpen them.

The altar was finally put in place; so were the windows, with the little glass we had; and the walls were painted. The people were delighted with the church, and felt rewarded for the long hours of work they had contributed. Of course, it will take time to get new pews and to finish the floor, and even longer to find money for those things.

Changes in the vicariate made it necessary that both Father Fritz and I leave San Jose, to take over new work and new assignments right after the dedication. But we really did not mind. We had enough satisfaction in seeing the church sparkling in the sun, and seeing the pride on the faces of the people.

Building the church has given Father Fritz and me many "Remember when . . ." stories. Enough to last for years. And every time we think of the church, we see it as a glorious monument to the generosity of American Catholics. ■ ■

YOUR WILL

**will look good to you
from the next world if
you have included your
family, your parish, your
diocese, and the foreign
missions in it.**

Will you take his place?



FATHER WILLIAM CUMMINGS, OF SAN FRANCISCO WAS A MISSIONER IN THE PHILIPPINES BEFORE PEARL HARBOR. WHEN WAR BROKE, HE VOLUNTEERED AS CHAPLAIN TO THE AMERICAN-FILIPINO TROOPS. WITH HIS MEN, UNDER FIRE, TO THE END, HE WAS CAPTURED. HE SURVIVED THE BATAAN DEATH MARCH ONLY TO SUFFER NEW TORTURES.

IN THE STIFLING HOLD OF A PRISON SHIP FATHER MINISTERED TO THE OTHER POWs TILL HE HIMSELF DIED OF FEVER AND THIRST. HIS BODY WAS THROWN INTO THE SEA OFF THE COAST OF LUZON, PHILIPPINES.



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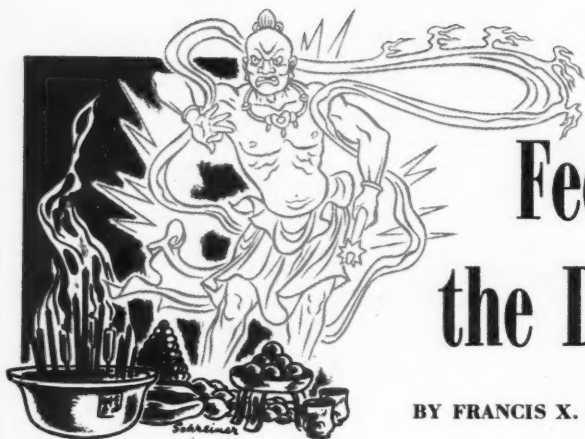
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Feeding the Devils

BY FRANCIS X. KEELAN, M.M.

The Mother of the Seventh Month developed a streak of vanity.

■ THE FIRST day of the seventh month of the lunar year on Formosa is called *Kai Kuei Men* (Opening-the-Door-for-the-Devil Day). It is generally believed that the Devil comes up out of the pit on this day, and stays around for the whole month. In the words of Scripture: "Going about like a roaring lion, seeking whom he may devour."

To appease His Lowness, every family places a table loaded with food and incense before the house. Old Nick stuffs himself and goes on his way, leaving the inmates unmolested. Then after dark they carry the table into the house and wolf down the food themselves.

On the 30th, the month closes as it began, with a festival to the Devil, *Kuan Kuei Men* (Closing-the-Door-on-the-Devil Day). On this day tables of food are set before the houses so the Devil can fill up

before climbing down into the pit, leaving the world in peace.

To all readers of this, who are blinded by the true light, it would not be right to let this moment pass without briefing you on the biggest festival of the month, the Double Seventh. As the chronicles say, it is richest in romantic flavor. On this day it behooves every family to *bye-bye*. That's Taiwanese for pagan worship. They implore the Mother of the Seventh Month to protect their homes, their sons and daughters, and enable them to grow up to become men and women. Not a few are the things offered to her, and the richer in color the better she likes them. On this day, every family must make a big birthday cake, round in shape, in the center of which a large dent or impression is made with the finger.

Bye-bye gets under way about four

in the afternoon. Just outside the house, in the courtyard directly facing the door, there is placed a paper house. This is the pavilion of the Mother of the Seventh Month.

It is put there so she can rest and eat. In front of the pavilion is placed the Table of the Eight Fairies. On this table are the offerings. Besides the birthday cake, there are seven dishes, fresh meat and wine. There must be at least three kinds of meat, preferably five. A big dish of cooked rice, covered with hemp-seed oil, is then placed on the table.

The Mother of the Seventh Month has a streak of vanity; for her make-up there are rouge, face powder, red silk and fresh flowers. Flowers with plenty of seeds, cockscomb, jasmine (which makes the tea fragrant), magnolia, balsam — heavy with fragrance. Under the table are placed a small face towel and a basin of clear water so the lady can freshen up.

After all these things have been offered, the pavilion is burned. Longevity money is also burned and, as the evening approaches, there is a final gesture of farewell: the flowers, rouge and face powder are thrown or placed on the roof of the house, for the Mother of the Seventh Month to gather up as she passes over and wends her way back into the celestial country.

On the morning of the Double Seventh, there was great commo-

tion in the market place here in Clear Water. The paint-and-powder counter could not accommodate all the customers, and the Clear Water police force had to

OUR LORD SAYS

"Give and it shall be given to you: good, pressed down, running over . . . With the same measure that you mete withal, it shall be measured to you again."

— Luke vi: 38

restore order. Women and girls from all the country about Clear Water had come in to buy their bit of cosmetics — 10¢ Taiwanese, less than a penny

U.S. These they took home. Too poor to carry out the solemn ritual, they threw these packages up on the roof as their contributions to their goddess.

Some of these pagan practices bear striking resemblance to our Catholic rites and beliefs. For example, their devotion to a heavenly patroness is a very good argument for Catholic devotion to the Blessed Virgin. Even pagans feel the need of a heavenly mother. A pagan who enters the Church discovers he really hasn't given up everything. Many things he revered as a pagan — ceremonies, incense, flowers, altars, candles — he finds in the Church in their true setting, directed to their proper end, worship of the One True God. Why then is it so hard to convert these people?

There is one answer: The Devil has too strong a hold on them. As Our Lord said to the disciples: "This kind is not cast out but by prayer and fasting." This is the reason, dear friends, that we continually ask you for the help of your prayers. ■■





MAYAN CHILD

BY ALICE MOORE REGAN

Four-year-old arms,
Will you carry
A basket of corn
Beyond Atitlan,
To the *mercado*
This misty morn?



Wary black eyes,
Will you answer
The eternal "why" —
How apples grow red,
Where the bees hover,
Why flowers die?

Dusty small feet,
Will you take her
Before day is done,
Over the mountain
To the blue water,
Where sinks the sun?



A Share in Her Cross



BY VINCENT E. REILLY, M.M.

■ UMEDA SAN is a young man of twenty-two who became a Catholic a few years ago. His job on the railroad keeps him from Mass on Sunday, but he comes to Mass on his infrequent days off and often drops into the chapel for a visit. Umeda has quietly but persistently been trying to share his Faith with his parents and three sisters.

When his mother and father became members of the rabid Tenri sect, Umeda decided that it was time to act. He told his parents that, if they would not quit the sect, he would leave home. Because he is the eldest son, a position of importance in a Japanese family, the parents promised him they would.

The mother was ill, and grew steadily worse. She consulted doctors, who found that she was a victim of throat cancer. When her former associates in Tenri heard this, they told her that she was being punished for abandoning Tenri.

Umeda feared that his mother and father would blame him for this misfortune, but they never said a word. He prayed constantly for his mother's conversion, and sat by her side and explained simply the truths of the Church.

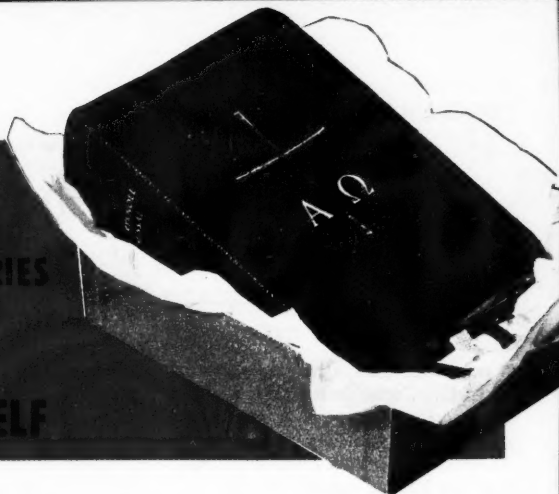
We began to visit the sick woman, and she welcomed us. Her son's prayers were answered a few weeks ago, when she expressed a desire to enter the Church. She was baptized, but because of her throat, she could not receive Holy Communion. Her sufferings increased, but she did not complain. She seemed to find comfort in the rosary that was always in her hand.

Last Sunday I got a message. Umeda's mother had taken a turn for the worse and he asked if I would come when Mass was over. When I got there, it was evident that the end was near. After I had finished the rites of the Church, I placed a crucifix in her hands, and she, although semiconscious, grasped it firmly. Her son, husband, and three daughters were gathered close around as the end drew near.

She stretched out the hand holding the crucifix, till it fell on the hand of her son. Opening her fingers, she placed the crucifix in the hand of her son, and closed her hand over his. As she closed her fingers, she passed away. It seemed that she was trying to thank Umeda for helping her share in the graces of the Cross.



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EDITORIAL:

YOU Can Save the World

BY ALBERT J. NEVINS, M.M.

■ IN KERALA, a Catholic stronghold in India, Communists recently won an election that gave them control of the state. That surprising turn of events there has been a shock to the rest of the world.

It is one more proof that Catholics, by and large, have forgotten the apostolic dynamism upon which Christianity was built. It is another of a long list of damning facts that demonstrate this sad truth: the average Christian is so preoccupied with his own limited personal interests that he avoids any problems not directly touching his own life. It is proof that his sense of mission is wanting.

The Communists, on the other hand, pretend to be the champions of everyone with a complaint. In the vacuum left by the withdrawal of Christians, the Reds come forward, offering solutions and leadership. They say that they have a true love for all human beings. That is the "big lie," but because of its repetition and the deeds the Reds perform, people come to believe the lie and are thus enslaved.

Our Holy Father is providing the leadership that is necessary to renew the world for Christ, but leadership is powerless without

followers to carry out its commands. The battle against the forces of evil cannot be won unless every single Catholic feels a personal responsibility for playing an apostolic role in winning the world.

Frank Sheed declared recently that "we are surrounded by an ocean of humanity, perishing for lack of truth in which we abound." It is not the duty solely of the diocesan priests or missionaries, to make this truth known. It is the duty of every single Catholic. It is the duty of the housewife, the secretary, the factory worker. It is *your* duty. You must feel a personal responsibility for propagating and applying the ideas and ideals of your religion. You must bear your personal share of winning the world for Christ. *You*. Not the man down the block, or the priest around the corner. You have the answers for the problems of life, and you must tell those answers to others.

And how do you do this? You start the process of reaching out to the world, in your own home; after that, your neighborhood, and then your community. Drop a stone in the center of a placid pond. Ripples begin where the stone first touched the water; then they spread in ever-

widening circles, until they reach the distant shore. That is the secret of reaching out to the world. Any act you do for good will ripple far beyond the place where the act was done.

It would be hard to find a Catholic who would not give intellectual consent to the proposition that every Catholic must partake in the work of redemption. But intellectual consent is not enough. The proposition must be proven by deeds. A need to participate in the active apostolate is implanted in every Catholic along with the graces of Baptism. It is of our very nature to want to take the spiritual and moral principles to the world, as far as one can reach. The only things holding us back are the distractions and confusions of the world. We have the power, if we will but use it.

How, then, are American Catholics to be awakened to their responsibility? How are they to be shown the tremendous power and force they possess? Must we undergo a purification such as that being suffered by people in Hungary and China? Is it necessary that our concern for humanity will be enkindled only when we no longer have access to humanity, because of some iron curtain that has fallen before us?

Time is running out on us. Mankind is like a flock without a shepherd. Humanity drifts from terror to terror. In the name of Our Saviour, before it is too late, become a carrier of the Gospel in your home and community, and thus reach out to the world. ■ ■

MAY, 1958

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THINGS WORK TOGETHER FOR GOOD



Maryknoll, the Catholic Foreign Mission Society of America, was established in 1911 by the American bishops to recruit, train, send and support American missionaries in areas overseas assigned to Maryknoll by the Holy Father. Maryknoll is supported entirely by free will offerings and uses no paid agents.

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— Pope Pius XII in Mission Sunday
Address to American Catholics



Hawaii's kiddies dig into lessons when Sister Frances Alexia's near.

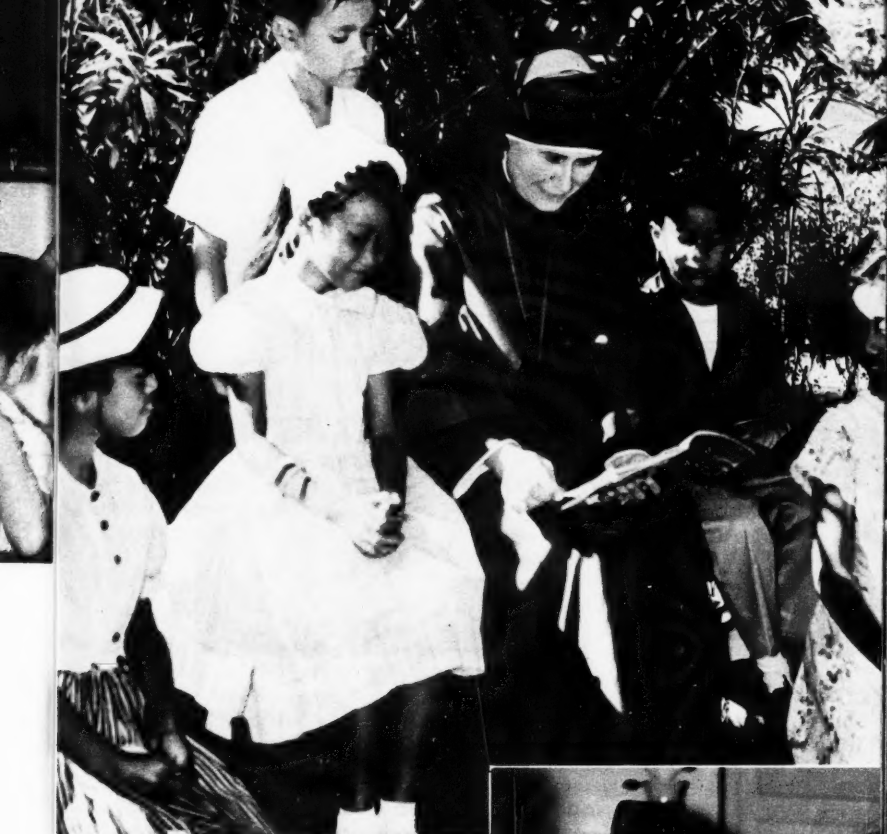
HAWAII

■ BACK in 1927, Maryknoll Sisters began work in Hawaii, teaching in bungalows by day and sleeping on the auditorium stage at night.

Since then, the years have seen steady growth in Hawaii's Catholic school system. Other American orders have joined the Maryknoll Sisters in schools. Formerly few pupils were Catholic. Now the SRO sign is out even for Catholic children. Hawaii is *really* Stateside. ■ ■

A new tooth? Miss Hawaii 1957 shows her latest to Sister Rose Mediatrice.





Sunday morning's dress-up-for-Mass earns a picture book and story from Sister Cleophas at Kalihi's school.

•

Sister Gregory Marie supervises the do-re-mi's for an incipient musician. Her parents played for dragon dances.

MAY, 1958





This Indian woman, astride the family carryall, takes back to her mountain home the blessings of a Mass heard and understood.

Maryknoll Sisters teach the Faith to South American Indians — a task that requires long and careful training. Don't YOU want a part in this glorious work? It will be yours IF you help to train a Maryknoll Sister for her work among the neglected peoples of the world.

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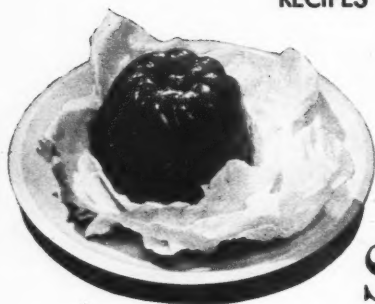
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MARYKNOLL'S NEW BISHOP John J. Rudin (center) was consecrated in an outdoor ceremony on the shores of Lake Victoria. He is the first Bishop of Musoma Diocese, Tanganyika. Assisting in the ceremony were Bishops Edward A. McGurkin, M.M., (left) and Maurice Ortunga.



Everyone Has a Sweet Tooth

■ FEW items on the menu get as much thought and effort as do desserts. A good dessert is the topping of any meal and will send the customers away satisfied. Here are some international favorites, any one of which will serve as a fitting climax to your next dinner.

BANANA TART (Brazil)

4 large bananas
½ cup sugar
¼ teaspoon salt
1 tablespoon butter
¼ cup white wine
½ teaspoon nutmeg
1 baked pastry shell, or
individual pastry shells
Whipping cream

Peel bananas and press through a sieve. Put pulp into a saucepan and add sugar, salt, and butter. Cook mixture until it starts to boil, stirring meanwhile. Allow to cool; then whip in wine and nutmeg.

Pour into pastry shell, top with whipped cream. The juice of one lime may be substituted for the wine. Also, a firmer mixture can be obtained by adding a teaspoon of plain gelatin as mixture cools. *Will serve 4 to 6.*

CARAMEL CUSTARD (Philippines)

1 pint coffee
1 pint cream
12 egg yolks
5 tablespoons sugar
Grated rind ½ lime
Juice of one lime
1 cup sugar

Mix coffee and cream, and scald in top of double boiler. Beat egg yolks and sugar together. Pour coffee cream over egg mixture, stirring. Add lime rind and juice. Melt (caramelize) the cup of sugar and use to coat 2-quart baking dish. Pour in cream mixture. Set dish in pan of hot water. Bake at 350° in

oven about 1 hour, or until silver knife inserted in center is clean. Serve ice cold. *Makes 8-10 servings.*

PUMPKIN PUDDING (Laos)

- 1 whole pumpkin (about 3 pounds)
- 2 cups boiling water
- 1 cup freshly grated coconut
- 5 eggs
- 6 tablespoons sugar

Select a firm pumpkin with flat bottom that will stand with stem up. Cut off sufficient of stem end to form a lid and facilitate serving from pumpkin. Scrape out and discard seeds and fibrous flesh. Cover coconut with boiling water and let stand 20 minutes. Mix well and squeeze through cloth or fine sieve to make coconut milk. Beat eggs and add sugar. Mix into coconut milk. Pour whole into pumpkin, and replace lid. Place pumpkin on rack in pot or kettle that can be tightly covered. Add water to pot to reach just below pumpkin. Steam until custard sets and pumpkin is tender. (Pudding may also be baked 1 hour at 350°.) Cool in refrigerator. Serve from pumpkin, spooning out both custard and pumpkin. *Makes 4-6 servings.*

APPLE DELIGHT (Iran)

- 4 medium apples
- 2 tablespoons lemon juice
- 6 tablespoons powdered sugar
- 2 teaspoons rosewater
- 4 ice cubes

Pare and grate apples, sprinkling immediately with lemon juice to prevent darkening. Add sugar and rosewater. Stir. Add ice cubes to chill and dilute mixture. Serve in individual dishes. *Will make 4 servings.*

ICED CHOCOLATE (Brazil)

- 2 squares unsweetened chocolate
- 4 tablespoons sugar
- 1 cup strong, hot coffee
- 4 cups milk
- 1 to 1½ pints vanilla ice cream

Melt chocolate in double boiler; then add sugar. Pour in coffee slowly, stirring. Scald milk, and combine with mixture. Cook until smooth (about 10 minutes). Chill thoroughly. Before serving, add ice cream. *Serves 6 to 8 people.*

BANANAS IN RUM (Haiti)

- 6 large, ripe bananas
- ½ cup olive oil
- ½ teaspoon vanilla
- 3 tablespoons rum
- ¼ cup powdered sugar

Peel bananas and cut across in thin slices. Fry in hot olive oil. (Another cooking oil may be substituted if desired.) As soon as bananas are browned slightly, remove from oil, cool and drain on brown paper. Place in shallow serving dish. Add vanilla to rum and sprinkle mixture over the bananas. Sieve the powdered sugar over the top. Put in refrigerator to chill. Serve ice cold. *Will yield 6 servings.* ■ ■





The City That Was Lost in the Sky

**Rumored to hold great wealth,
it cost the lives of searchers
until an American found a way.**

■ WHEN Francisco Pizarro and his thirteen ragged followers set out to conquer Peru, those Spanish conquistadors were pitting themselves against the mighty Inca Empire, the armies of which controlled Peru, Ecuador, Bolivia, and parts of Argentina and Chile.

Pizarro's main reason for conquest was to find gold. He succeeded, but there was always the rumor that the Incas had hidden far more gold than they turned over to the conquerors. One rumor that persisted was of a fabulous city north of Cuzco — a city that had been built as a royal refuge.

For centuries, men hunted for this city but the task that faced the explorers cost many lives. They had to penetrate some of the most rugged Andean terrain — precipitous



SARJEANT

On the very peak of the mountain, the Incas built an observatory from which they gathered weather and seasonal data and watched the sun rise.

mountains, narrow gorges with mad rivers, and dense unmapped jungle.

In 1911, a professor from Yale, Hiram Bingham, was searching for Incan ruins. Some Indians told him of big stones high on top of a mountain. Cutting his way through jungle, fording torrents, and crawling up almost-perpendicular slopes, he at last reached a plateau and saw what no other white man had seen — the lost city of Machu Picchu.

Except for the thatched roofs of houses, the city was almost perfectly preserved. It was a marvel of

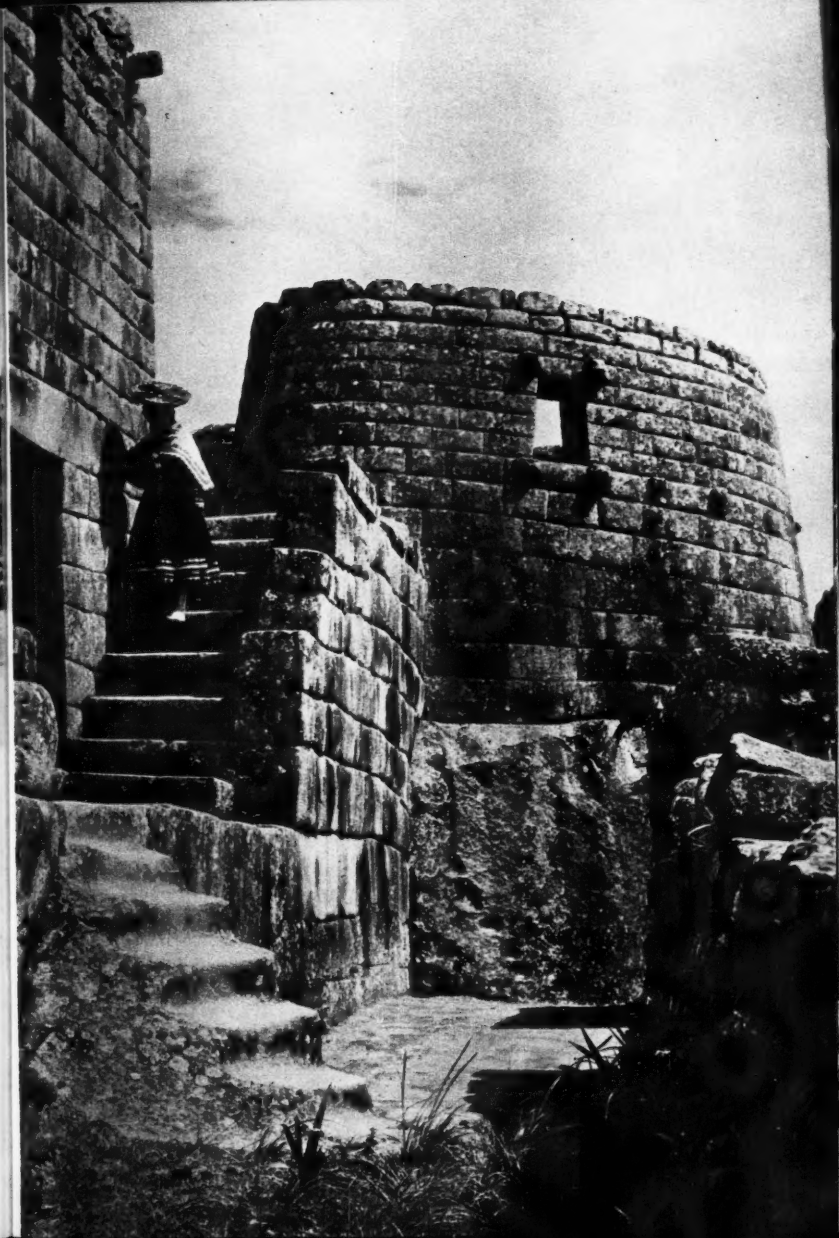
Incan architecture. Unexplained to this day is how the Incas cut the tremendous blocks of stone used in building for they had no iron tools, how they moved the stones up the mountain for they did not know the wheel, and what happened to the people of the city.

Bones found among the ruins have been identified as belonging to women and unrobust men. Those discoveries have led archeologists to conclude that the city was a hideaway for the priests and virgins of the sun god. They died and the city was lost to memory. ■ ■

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McLELLAN

Part of the plaza of Machu Picchu (above). A temple once stood in this area. Today descendants of the once mighty warriors (below) sit amidst ruins where waters from ancient springs still flow. Two Maryknollers are in the background. Father Sarjeant (right) on an ancient stairway.

WALCK








The secret of Incan stonework has been lost. Without iron tools, they hewed all sorts of rock shapes that fitted together without any cement.

The road in the background is used by tourists who visit the lost city.



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Father Sarjeant contemplates
a mighty but past greatness.

SARJEANT

Why We Need Priests

■ IN the Philippines was one of the great mass conversions of history—a whole people became Catholic. There were not enough priests then.

There were even fewer after the Spanish-American war, when many Spanish missionaries returned to Spain. Few new missionaries were sent to the Philippines from Spain and other countries—especially America. The United States sent educators and technicians but there was no American society to send priests.

In spite of all this, the Catholics of the Philippines, for the most part, kept their Faith. They kept it through their novenas, processions, fiestas; their devotion to the saints.

One shouldn't be surprised to find the religion of Filipino Catholics filled with strange customs—often bordering on superstition. How can they hear without a preacher? How can they understand their religion unless they are taught?

On entering a church in the Philippines, one is immediately struck by the large number of statues that may cover the whole front and sides of the church. Few saints seem to



BY JOSEPH W. REGAN, M.M.

be forgotten. One could almost repeat the litany of the saints by going from one statue to another.

Many are the statues belonging to the church; these are always there. But many more are the statues that are kept in the homes of the people. The latter are taken to

the church on the saints' feast days and carried through the town in procession after Mass and again in the evening.

Much care is lavished on these statues. They are dressed in beautiful clothes, have wigs of human hair, others are adorned with costly jewels, all are garnished with flowers and colored lights. It is an honor for young men of the parish to be chosen to carry them in procession. It is a privilege for young ladies to be allowed to decorate them. Old people and young children burn candles before them and accompany them with lighted candles in the procession.

The climax comes in Holy Week. Pews are removed from the church and a statue of everyone that had anything to do with the Passion is moved in. There are Pontius Pilate, Roman soldiers, Simon of Cyrene,

the centurion, the holy women, the three Marys and Veronica, the good and bad thieves, the Twelve Apostles seated at the table of the Last Supper. There are Martha and Mary Magdalene, and there are many statues of the Blessed Virgin. The story of the Passion is retold, as the church becomes a museum of saints. Later the statues are carried through the town in the solemn processions of Holy Wednesday and Good Friday.

On Easter morn, just before dawn, the saints' statues are carried in different directions: John and Peter one way; Mary Magdalene another; the Blessed Virgin in a third. All meet a statue of the Risen Saviour at a predesignated spot, where an angel removes the black veil from the Virgin so that she may rejoice at the resurrection of her Divine Son.

The Spanish missionaries did fine work when they instilled into the hearts of Filipino Catholics such love for the saints and devotion to the Passion of Our Lord.

There are still not enough priests in the Philippines. There are 2,700 priests for eighteen million Catholics — one priest for every seven thousand Catholics. However, priests in the Philippines serve a people who have the seed of faith planted in their hearts. If it is watered and cared for through proper instructions, that faith will quickly become a living faith, and the Philippines, the only Catholic nation in the Orient, will be a bulwark against the spread of communism and a crown of glory for the Catholic Church. ■ ■

MAY, 1958

MARYKNOLLERS ON THE GO

... ONE IN A SERIES



Horses

Saddles



Shoes

Feed
for
horses



All these are essential for Maryknoll missionaries in Guatemala, to keep on the go, up and down the mountain trails of their mission parishes. Will you give \$1, \$10, or \$100 to keep the work galloping to take the sacraments to poor Indians?

MARYKNOLL FATHERS, MARYKNOLL, NEW YORK

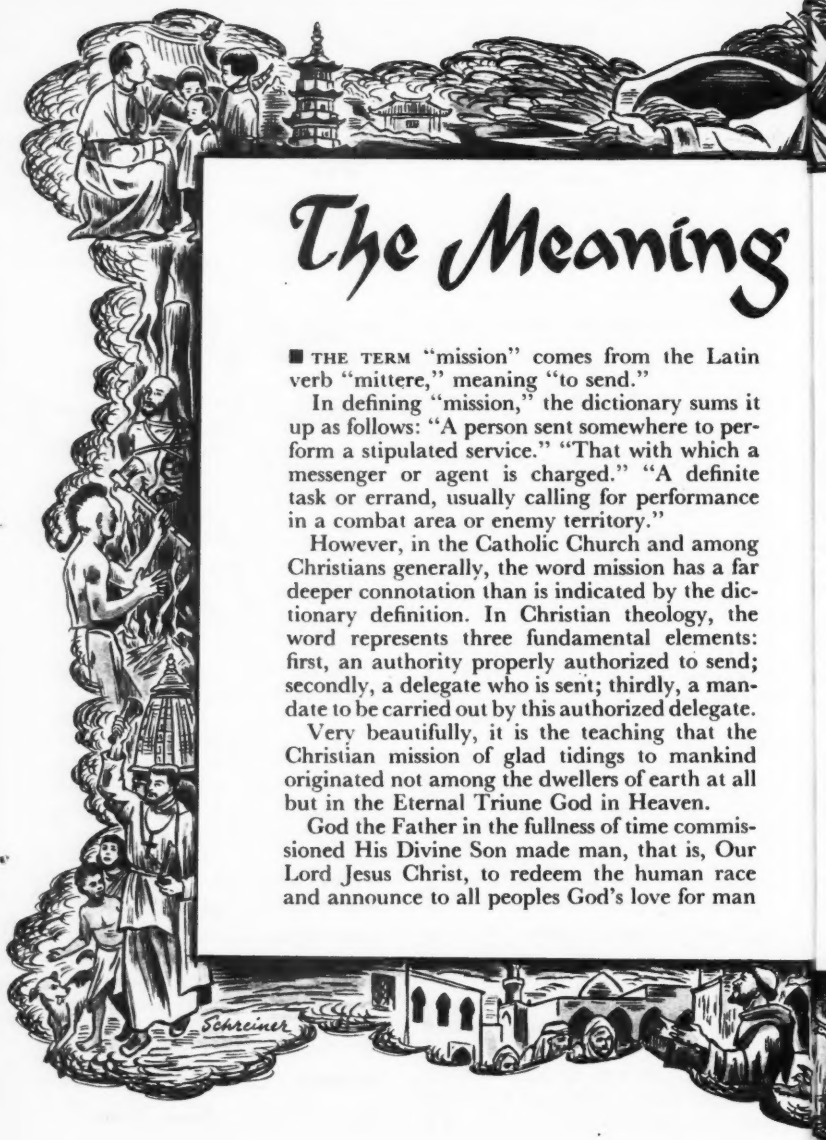
Dear Fathers,

I enclose \$..... to keep Maryknollers in Guatemala on the go in their mountainous missionary rounds.

Name.....

Address.....

City..... Zone.. State....



The Meaning

■ THE TERM "mission" comes from the Latin verb "mittere," meaning "to send."

In defining "mission," the dictionary sums it up as follows: "A person sent somewhere to perform a stipulated service." "That with which a messenger or agent is charged." "A definite task or errand, usually calling for performance in a combat area or enemy territory."

However, in the Catholic Church and among Christians generally, the word mission has a far deeper connotation than is indicated by the dictionary definition. In Christian theology, the word represents three fundamental elements: first, an authority properly authorized to send; secondly, a delegate who is sent; thirdly, a mandate to be carried out by this authorized delegate.

Very beautifully, it is the teaching that the Christian mission of glad tidings to mankind originated not among the dwellers of earth at all but in the Eternal Triune God in Heaven.

God the Father in the fullness of time commissioned His Divine Son made man, that is, Our Lord Jesus Christ, to redeem the human race and announce to all peoples God's love for man



g of Mission

and man's duty of love for all men. Christ in turn sent His Apostles into the world with a mission similar to that on which He as God's Messenger came from Heaven. (Matthew xxviii:18).

Every individual Christian, then, partakes of this mission. "The missionary spirit and the Catholic spirit," Pope Pius XII said only recently, "are one and the same thing."

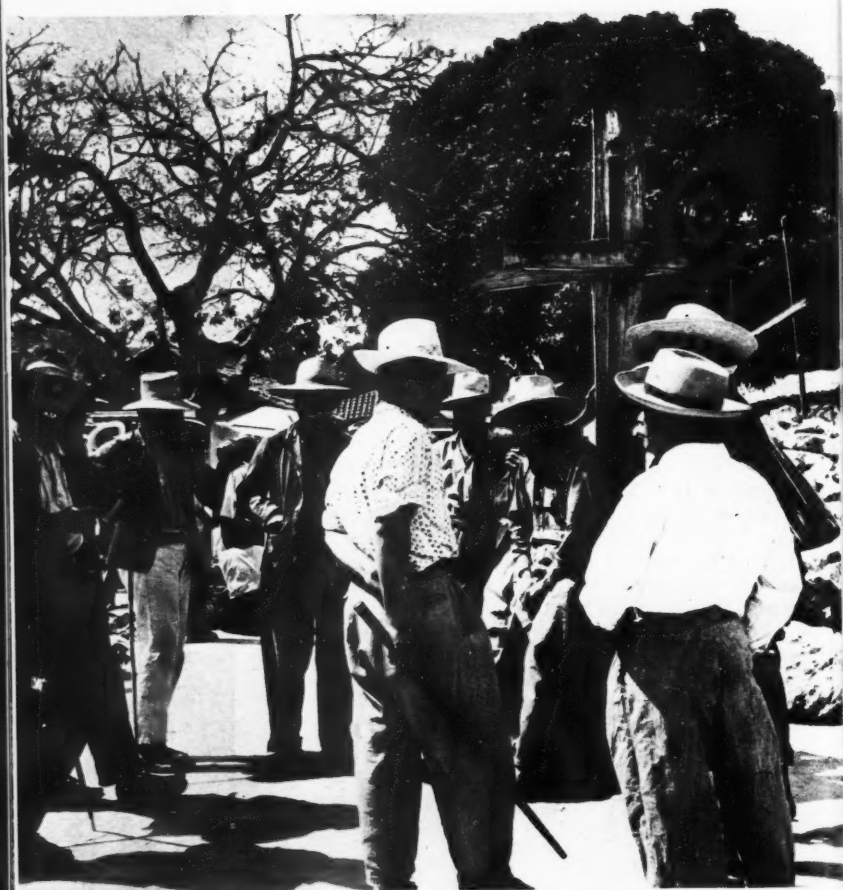
Thus we observe three levels of operation for this universal mission. First, Christ, the perfect Missionary, accomplished His mission of redemption by becoming mortal man, suffering and dying on the cross, and announcing the Gospel of Love and Brotherhood to the world.

Secondly, the Church continues Christ's mission by proclaiming this Gospel to all peoples, seeking to complete all societies and cultures by crowning them with the enriching and life-giving guides and graces of the Christian dispensation.

Thirdly, then, the individual Christian in turn carries out his mission in life by keeping himself personally loyal to the Gospel mandate and giving himself selflessly to his fellow man in love and service.



the gods in



Where the cross is not necessarily Christian.

our mountains

■ IN THE parish of Aguacatan, Guatemala, live a fairly large number of baptized Indians who engage in a variety of superstitious practices. They call these superstitions *costumbre*. To the casual observer the practice of *costumbre* appears to consist in men and women praying intently before a cross or an image of a saint, while holding candles in hand, having mounds of smoking copal nearby. On certain days one notices there is more *costumbre* than on other days.

Recently I tried to learn more about the *costumbre* from Gaspar Ailon Cruz, now a practicing Catholic. Before studying the doctrine and receiving the sacraments, Gaspar had been one of the leaders or prayermen of the *costumbre*. The following is what I learned about superstition in Aguacatan.

Costumbre people apparently do not believe in one God. They believe in many gods, called *duenos del mundo* (owners of the world). Each day in fact has its own god, called *dueno del dia* (owner of the day). There seem to be thirteen of these gods, connected in some way with a series of thirteen numbers. Whether these are gods or spirits of deceased men, I could not find out despite questioning. However, Gaspar continued to call them gods.

Those of *costumbre* do not know who Christ is, and therefore do not

pray to Him. They have devotion to the Virgin but not as the Mother of Christ. Rather, they are devoted to many Virgins, depending on how many statues of Mary may be in the church. They believe that every statue of a saint has a soul; also, that each cross has a god or spirit and a power of its own, which can help or harm people. Do they believe in heaven or hell? No. In the devil? No. But they believe evil spirits can harm them. These evil spirits are the souls of deceased enemies or deceased relatives of living enemies, summoned to do harm.

The notion of sin enters their belief, but not as an offense against God; rather, as something merely evil or bad. Sin causes sickness. What do they consider sinful? Well, it is a sin to rob, to steal another's animals or land. Not to practice the *costumbre* is a sin, or to destroy a cross is a sin. It is sinful to cohabit with the spouse of another or have two women. The *chiman* (prayer leader) often has two wives, but he's constantly paying for his sins, so it is all right.

They consider it is not a sin to lie, calumniate, fight with one's neighbor, neglect to support one's family or aged parents, or get drunk. A certain day is good for paying for sin. On this day the people secure the services of a

BY ALBERT H. ESSELBORN, M.M.

chiman to pray for them to the *dueno de los pecados* (owner of sins) or to the spirits of deceased relatives, all of whom they believe have the power needed to take away sin.

Do they know what the sacraments are? No. Then why do they ask for baptism? Because baptism, they think, makes a child a human being, a person.

The *costumbre* rite consists in burning copal — the bark or resinous substance of the copal tree — before a cross or statue of a saint. Copal gives off perfumed smoke that is supposed to summon the gods or call for their attention. Along with each package of copal are burned thirteen candles. Candles are spirit food. The *chiman* prays during the burning of these items to the gods. He prays in his own words; apparently there is no set formula. His fee may be \$10 to \$15, plus food and liquor for himself and his wife for five days.

There are about 50 *chimanes* in Aguacatan. I asked Gaspar how one becomes a *chiman*. He said usually the son or grandson of a *chiman* assumes the office. If the lad objects, he is told he will die. Upon the death of his *chiman* father or grandfather, the lad begins his training under the direction of another *chiman* — whose fee for the instruction may be from \$10 to \$20.

The lad must learn the good days, special days for seeking favors. He must learn how to perform the *cos-*

tumbre rite, how to divine certain questions through the use of *miches* — small red seeds from the michal tree. Mixed with the *miches* at times are small, shiny stones.

Miches are used to divine various matters by being laid out in four parallel lines, with thirteen piles in each line. The first pile contains one *mich*, the second

two, and on to the last pile of thirteen *miches*. From the arrangement, the *chiman* divines what a person must do to regain health, or if a marriage will be a good one.

The second class of *chimanes* divines cases with the aid of others who use *miches*. The third class of *chimanes* speak with spirits at night. Toribia Lopez, our catechist, told me about her mother's experience.

Six years ago, she called for the services of a *chiman* to ask the spirits why she was sick and how she could be cured. The *chiman* entered the house at night, put on a white sheet. A table spread with two bottles of liquor, cigars, and cigarettes — gifts for the spirit — was placed in the center of the room. The candles were put out. In the darkness was seen the movement of the white sheet, a sound like the striking of the table was heard; the spirit had entered. Then a gurgling sound of downing the liquor and a murmuring of a thin voice were heard. Toribia's mother remained sick.

The *costumbre* enters into all the important phases of life — birth,

ST. PAUL SAYS
"He who sows bountifully
will reap bountifully. Let
each one give according as
he has determined in his
heart, not grudgingly or from
compulsion, for 'God loves a
cheerful giver.'"

—II Cor. ix: 6-7

marriage, sickness, death. Superstitions influence major decisions.

Sickness is considered to be caused by sins, sins of either the sick person or his deceased relatives. These sins have to be paid for through the *costumbre* rite. The *chiman* collects \$5 for helping a sick person. If the person is dying, the *chiman* will offer a chicken burnt alive to the *dueno del dia*, to be accepted instead of the life of the dying person.

Should a person see or hear a bad sign, he feels compelled to consult a *chiman*, to ascertain its meaning. For example, a bad dream, a dog howling at night, a cat screeching, are all bad signs. Once our catechist's mother saw a snake behind

her house. She ran off to ask a *chiman* what the sight meant. The *chiman* said the snake was just taking a stroll!

Chimanes will visit a person studying the doctrine, and try to persuade him not to. If he continues, they warn, he will become sick or die, or at least lose his lands. When there is not enough rain, or too much, the doctrine is the cause. The *chimanes* say we priests are no better than they.

Now you have some idea of one of the obstacles to our work here in Aguacatan. It is our hope that, with the help of God's grace, we can channel the intense religious spirit of these Indians along the King's highway. ■ ■

Father Dominic J. Morrisette, who comes from Winslow, Maine, chats with some farmers who have come to Aguacatan to enjoy the doings of market day.



Letters *of the month*

WE DO NOT PUBLISH ANY LETTER WITHOUT THE WRITER'S CONSENT

Beacon

How strong the powers of darkness when we turn our backs on the Light! Were it not for the stubborn, stupid, selfish blindness of men, how simple would be the solution to the ills of the world. Between the lines of each issue of MARYKNOLL is such a powerful lesson in humility and love! The only source of true happiness.

Metairie, La.

T. LYALL SCOTT

Picture Fan

I enjoy the photography in MARYKNOLL. My favorite pictures are those that are in color. They are so very artistic and so alive! Compare your pictures against those of other magazines and you'll find a sincerity that the others lack.

MRS. DOUGLAS W. KNOTT
Baltimore

Strong Defense

I'm sorry to see that East Chicago, Indiana, feels so unkindly toward men and women who devote their lives to the missions. By definition, a parasite takes all and gives nothing, while an escapist is one unable to live up to reality. An honest look at the records should set our friend straight. For every unappreciative letter writer, there are ten who appreciate what Maryknoll does.

SISTER MARY JAMES, O.S.B.
Chicago

Vocation

In December 1952, a coupon was clipped from your magazine and sent speeding on its way to Maryknoll. From the chain of correspondence that resulted, I will start my new life in Our Lady of Maryknoll Novitiate in Valley Park, Missouri. I'd like to reaffirm the value of a gift subscription. If it were not for the generous friend who sent the magazine to us for years, a vocation might never have been fostered. This is truly an apostolic work in a small but mighty dynamic package.

MARY KASTER

Green Bay, Wis.

Firsthand Observation

Recently my family and I returned from a trip to the Philippines where we observed the extreme poverty in which your missionaries work. We saw thousands of one and two room dwellings made of bamboo and thatch that often housed families of five to ten people. We were impressed that most of these homes had a picture of the Sacred Heart displayed in the main room so that people on the roadway could easily see it. If only more people of the United States could see the great spiritual and material needs of the Orient! Your magazine helps, but pictures and words do not impress like the sights themselves.

NAME WITHHELD, LT. USAF

Guam

Bigotry

There was a time when bigotry and race hatred were based on ignorance. These days the educated and self-appointed protectors of the *status quo* have joined with the forces of darkness to give this evil a touch of refinement and acceptability. They fight communism and at the same time abuse the unfortunate. What about the ultrapatriotic organizations that fight communism and never mention brotherly love? What about the religious magazines and papers that stand by silently? Isn't race hatred a sin against the wisdom of God?

THOMAS F. WARD

New York City

Real Adoption

I read your want ad. It says, "You can take the boy out of the farm, but his school tuition and board cost \$50 a year. You can answer the plea of a Maryknoller by adopting a boy for twelve months." I would like to know if we adopted him could we bring him to the U. S. to live with us. My brother and I want to give the twelve months old boy as a Christmas present to our parents. I am fourteen and my brother is nine. How much would it be to have him come to the United States? We have a very good apartment.

DENNIS GALVIN

Yonkers, N. Y.

Change of Heart

I thought that I would never warm up to any of those Indians! Paint them friendly or unfriendly, they did not appeal. However, after going through nearly a half year of your monthly, I begin to see the fascination, the urge to convert them first, then teach them. They are an interesting people! A Mary-

MAY, 1958

knoll membership gives so much more to its members than they can ever repay. It is a thrill being with you, spreading the Gospel of Jesus. It fills a void and prevents stagnation.

WILLIAM GERALD RAY

Chicago

Tourist

Last summer I had a wonderful experience visiting Guatemala. While there, I came in contact with the extreme poverty and ignorance of the natives. Our guide was a pure Indian. He took us around the country for a week and gave us firsthand information about the lives of the Indians and the work of the missionaries. He couldn't praise the work of the Maryknoll Fathers enough. Their understanding of the problems facing the natives and their kindness to them was a repeated topic from our guide.

ELEANOR HEINRICH

E. Rutherford, N. J.

No One Is Old

I am a gentleman over sixty years of age. I find it difficult to get work as prospective employers take one look at my age and lose interest. Yet I am active and alert with a lifetime of experience. Your article on Mother Duchesne shows that age really isn't important. She began the work she wanted to do at the age of seventy-two. Why can't employers look at ability?

HAROLD STICKEL

New York City

Horrrifying

The picture of the homeless boys sleeping on an Asian street was horrrifying. Could it happen to my children?

MRS. FRED HILBRECHT

Milwaukee



Old Jewelry



Can Help the Missions:

Your old jewelry, gold, and precious stones, can be converted into mission money; money desperately needed by Maryknollers caring for the sick and the poor and the despairing, across four continents.

Grandfather's old watch and chain — Aunt Sadie's gold locket — a diamond stickpin — a gold bracelet — cuff links and earrings — gold teeth and gold eyeglass frames — such things we welcome for conversion into aid for our missionaries overseas.

Costume jewelry unfortunately has no value, so please do not send any trinkets of this type.

Although it is not possible to honor requests to turn old jewelry into chalices or candlesticks, all monies realized will be used for our pressing mission needs.

Old jewelry can help save souls in mission lands. Send us yours today.

THE MARYKNOLL FATHERS

MARYKNOLL, NEW YORK

Dear Fathers:

Separately, I am sending you the following item of old jewelry, gold or precious stones to be converted into money for the missions.

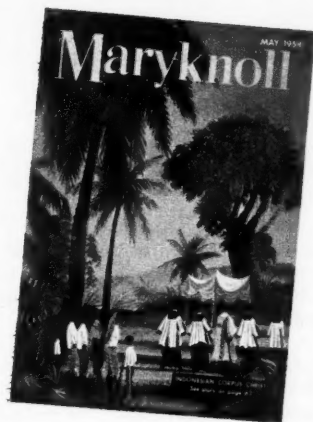
My Name.....

My Address.....

City.....Zone.....State.....

THIS MONTH'S COVER

Indonesian Corpus Christi



■ BETWEEN southeastern Asia and Australia stretches the volcanic archipelago of Indonesia. It includes four large islands and more than 3,000 small ones. The archipelago extends some 2,700 miles, or about the distance across the United States from San Francisco to Boston. Nearly 90 per cent of Indonesia's 80,000,000 people are Moslems. In the middle of this great Islamic sea stands a single bulwark of Christianity — the island of Flores.

Saint Francis Xavier must have passed Flores on his way to and from the Spice Islands, four centuries ago. Portuguese traders settled on the island in 1556, and brought the first missionaries there six years later. Dutch traders arrived in 1613. In the competition during the next two centuries, Portuguese influence declined as Dutch activity increased.

The phenomenal growth of Catholicism on Flores dates from 1914, when Divine Word missionaries of the Dutch Province were assigned there.

In one of the great mass-conversion movements in Church history, more than 400,000 people on Flores have given up their pagan religion and entered the Church during the past forty years. Today, a majority of the island's population are exceptionally devout Catholics.

On this month's cover, as part of our series of festivals around the world, artist Leonard Weisgard captures a moment of simple, impressive beauty during a Corpus Christi procession on Flores. Against the background of luxuriant, tropical vegetation, which suggests the hand of the Creator and even the time of creation, the priest carries the eternal Body of Christ for the faithful to honor.

"He who eats this bread shall live forever," promised Our Lord. The Redeemer, who gave His life that all men might find salvation, also instituted the Eucharist to share His own Body and Blood with people of every country and every race, to unite all with Him. ■■

WANT ADS

Duplicating Machine to print textbooks for Maryknoll's high school in the Bolivian jungle; \$300 will pay for machine and equipment.

SOS from Shutter Bug. A Maryknoller on Formosa will set up a dark room in his mission and prove that "one picture is better than a thousand words" in leading men to God, when he gets the purchase price; \$350 will do it.

Parlor, Bedroom. To obtain capable teachers for our schools in the bush country, Maryknollers in Africa must guarantee living quarters. Our missionaries in Shinyanga desperately need such houses if they are to continue their mission schools. Each house costs \$1,800.

Summer Trips under the sun through rice fields of Miaoli, Formosa, shorten the life of a missionary's Mass vestments. A set of vestments costing \$25 can be your donation.

Light a Candle. A missionary among the Indians of Central America spends \$2.25 a month, \$27 a year, for his Mass candles. You can have the privilege to light them for one month, or one year.

A Place to Lay His Head. Maryknollers in Taichung, Formosa, have brought thousands of converts to the Church this year. Five new missions need tabernacles. You can house the Holy Eucharist. Each tabernacle, \$250.



*He says in Chinese
"God Bless You"*

天主保佑

Two Rented Rooms in a Maryknoll mission outpost in Korea are not large enough for the growing number of converts. Will you help buy land and build a chapel by your gift of \$1, \$5, \$10 or \$100?

Memorial to a Dear One. A mission parish in Chile, with 14,000 people, needs a baptistry. Have you a dear one you wish to memorialize? Cost \$800.

Scooter for Sick Calls. A Maryknoller in Formosa requests a motor scooter to visit his sprawling parish on sick calls; \$250 will put him on wheels.

Pills, Powders, Salves are too expensive for the sick poor in Peru to buy. \$10 will furnish a week's supply.

Knights of the Altar. A missionary in Musoma, Africa requests cassocks and surplices for his six altar boys; \$5 will outfit each boy.

A Penny a Catechism — 5,000 are needed in Guatemala. Give \$10 to supply 1,000 Indian children with a catechism each; \$50 will furnish 5,000. What a bargain!





Francis Alatalo

A room for a veteran missionary in the Maryknoll Seminary is a fitting memorial. A plaque on the door reminds the missionary to pray daily for your relative or friend. Offering \$2,500.

THE MARYKNOLL FATHERS, MARYKNOLL, NEW YORK

Dear Fathers:

I enclose \$.....towards the \$2,500 needed for a memorial room to be used by a veteran missionary in the Maryknoll Seminary.

MY NAME.....

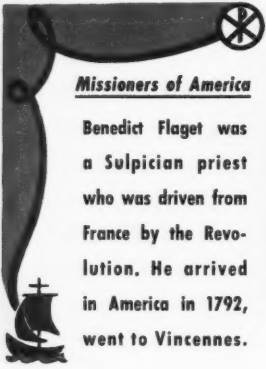
STREET.....

CITY.....ZONE.....STATE.....

People are Interesting!

Pioneer of
the Northwest

Missioners of America



Benedict Flaget was a Sulpician priest who was driven from France by the Revolution. He arrived in America in 1792, went to Vincennes.



1. After two years among Indians, Father Flaget went to Georgetown College to teach, then to Havana.



2. In 1808, he was made first bishop of Bardstown, Ky. His diocese took in the whole Northwest.



3. Bishop Flaget built churches and schools. He was continually on the go visiting his missions.

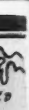


4. Once he resigned to devote himself to the poor but priests and people called him to return.



5. The good bishop died in 1850. Today many dioceses exist in the area he pioneered so faithfully.

Christ belongs to ALL the human race.



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